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SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST.

SUCH is the title given to Mrs Brassey's new work, consisting of an account of cruises in the Mediterranean in 1874 and 1878.* The book being two distinct narratives of journeyings over nearly the same ground, is much less compact in character than the authoress's voyage round the world, nor is it so interesting in its detail of sea adventures. There is, however, the same lively off-hand manner, and we are introduced to scenes in connection with affairs in the East which are still under discussion. In looking over the volume, with its numerous finely executed wood-cut illustrations, one feels almost envious, not only of Mrs Brassey's good-luck in being able to make such delightful excursions in the 'Sunbeam,' but of her singular facility in presenting so faithful a record of what she saw and experienced. There is something more than this to excite surprise. It is her industry and power of endurance. She encounters storms with the fortitude of an 'old salt,' fills up every spare moment in writing or finding subjects for illustrations, and on all occasions on landing at strange ports, sets off with members of her family on horseback, to see places of interest—if need be, bivouacking in tents on the journey. No ordinary fine lady would be fit to undergo a tenth part of what, with apparent cheerfulness, she managed to overcome.

After remaining only a few days in England, on returning from a cruise to the Arctic Circle, Mrs Brassey proceeded on her voyage to the East. The 'Sunbeam' started from Hastings, 4th September 1874. There was a fine run to the Straits, and an opportunity was taken to visit Tangier and Ceuta, on the African side of the Mediterranean. On the 18th October, the 'Sunbeam' reached Constantinople, of which a vivid account is given. The Turks had not yet experienced the horrors of the Russian invasion, and everything was going on in the old heedless way; so that Mrs Brassey was favoured by seeing the

Sultan's court and palaces in all their glory. The bazaars were in full swing. It was amusing to observe the Turkish ladies with their attendants 'admiring and bargaining for second-hand dresses, all very smart in trimming, and of the most gorgeous colours, though somewhat soiled. I have often wondered what became of old ball and dinner dresses; but now that I have seen the enormous quarter of the bazaar devoted to the sale of these articles of apparel, I cease to do so.' From this fact we should imagine that the now impoverished state of affairs in Stamboul will have told seriously on the English export of ladies' second-hand dresses. We learn that on all hands young Turkish ladies were beginning to adopt European usages, and to rebel against the old-fashioned Turkish restrictions.

Mrs Brassey had excellent opportunities of gathering facts concerning the domestic affairs of the Sultan which would not have been afforded to any male writer. Some of the particulars are curious. 'The Sultan,' she says, 'is not allowed to marry; but the slaves who become mothers of his children are called Sultanas, and not allowed to do any more work. The Sultanas may not sit at table with their own children, on account of their having been slaves, whilst the children are princes and princesses in right of their father. The princesses may see men, and choose whom they like for their husbands. If they fix their affections on a married man, he is obliged to get rid of his wife or wives, and is not allowed any wife but the princess, who keeps him in the strictest order, and either disgraces him or has him bowstrung should he offend her seriously.'

The children of the Sultan are indulged and pampered in a way that seems perfectly monstrous. A droll incident is related. The youngest son of the Sultan, a boy nine years of age, would be an Admiral, with a gorgeous uniform and sword corresponding. In this whim he was indulged; but the child also insisted on having a war-ship on which he could hoist his flag; and that was not so easily managed. There was a bridge building which would prevent the ship

* London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1880. 1 vol. 8vo.

from floating up to the palace. The contractors were ordered to open the bridge to let the ship pass. To this they very naturally demurred, as the work of two or three months would have to be undone. But the orders of the Sultan were imperative. Afraid at the risk of losing their heads, the contractors obeyed. The bridge was taken down; and a large ironclad being brought out from the docks, was moored in view of the nursery window, to gratify the child with the sight of a flag being hoisted—thus causing enormous inconvenience to the whole town for months, to say nothing of the waste of money, of which the Sultan paid very little, and for the loss of which, I imagine, he cared still less. As appropriate to the story, a wood-cut likeness is given of the child-admiral in the full uniform of the Turkish navy. From this and similar follies, we learn how the enormous loans made to the Porte were squandered without any consideration as to consequences.

The descriptions given of court-life and of visits to places near Constantinople are among the most interesting parts of the book. Early in November, the 'Sunbeam' heaved up anchor, and proceeded down the Dardanelles to the Greek islands, amidst which there was some agreeable sailing—the scenery of Zante, Cephalonia, and Corfu being specially charming. We learn that since the gratuitous cession of these islands by England to Greece, things have not turned out so well as the natives expected. The roads are not kept in repair, and the taxation is excessive. 'Every respectable person to whom we have spoken bitterly laments the departure of the English from their occupation of the islands, and gives the most dreadful account of the Greek government, which in these islands is hardly a government at all, but simply a system of bribery and corruption.' At Corfu, the authoress adds: 'The poor islanders lament the loss of British rule, under which at one time they used to complain that they were only slaves. They find the difference now, when the Greek government neglects them utterly, except to impose enormous taxes; and the patriotic idea of being governed by a Greek king does not seem to console them much.' It is to be hoped that matters have since mended with these Greek islanders; but if not, they have only themselves to blame. After visiting Greece, the yacht was turned towards Naples, and the voyage terminated at Marseilles. The party on board, thence travelled homeward through France, and arrived in England on the 2d January 1875. So ended the first cruise.

The second excursion was designed to embrace a wider range in the Mediterranean, including a visit to Cyprus. On the agreeable principle enunciated by Moore, that 'when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, we may order our wings and be off for the west,' the intention had been to start in the summer of 1878; but Mrs Brassey was unwell, and the wings were not put in motion till the 20th September. As usual, the 'Sunbeam' was equipped with all that was needful for the trip. With three masts and powerful sails, this handsome private yacht could match any sailing-vessel in point of speed; but when occasion required, the sails could be lowered, the funnel raised, and steam brought into play. This,

we would call the perfection of sea-travelling. Living, as it were, in your own house, and able to rest or go forward in every clime according to fancy, the enjoyment is complete—

'Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a delay,
That the night only draws a thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.'

The following were the members of the party: Thomas Brassey, M.P., owner and captain; Mrs Brassey, Mabelle Annie Brassey, Muriel Agnes Brassey, and Marie Adelaide Brassey (the two last being young children, ordinarily spoken of as Munie and Baby), Dr Hoffmeister, and the Hon. A. Y. Bingham, by whom the very beautiful sketches in the work were executed. To these might be added three female domestics, with stewards and cooks; besides a crew consisting of mates, coxswains, engineers, and store-keepers. All told, there were thirty-eight persons on board. The saloon sitting-rooms are described as being fitted up with great elegance, and provided with books and musical instruments, for the solacement of the party. There was a stock of medicines for any emergency. By previous arrangements, letters and newspapers were to be posted to the principal places it was designed to touch. Mr Brassey appears to have been well qualified as a sailing-master and commander. Observations were daily taken, and a reckoning kept of the miles travelled; so that those on board could at any time know where they were. The yacht was, of course, furnished with Marryat's signals, by which questions could be asked or answered with vessels passing. These signals, which consist of small slips of bunting, that can be instantly run up to the mast-head, are a kind of maritime wonder. As arranged by the late Captain Marryat, and now universally adopted, vessels within sight of each other can keep up a conversation to the extent of many hundreds of questions and answers—the whole defined in a dictionary, which is ever ready at hand. When properly worked, these signals add immensely to the comforts of life at sea, independently of their value for nautical purposes. The reputation of the 'Sunbeam' led to no end of courtesies. On all occasions, the party and crew of the yacht kept Sunday according to English customs. Mr Brassey acted as chaplain, by reading prayers and a sermon. As to music for the service, Mabelle presided at the piano; and the sailors, some of whom had good voices, joined heartily in the singing. We have thus a pleasant picture of life on board the 'Sunbeam.'

There was rather rough weather at starting, but by the 24th September the yacht had run 224 miles, with scarcely any sail set. There was a short stay at Vigo, on the coast of Portugal, to give exercise to the children, and to allow of Mrs Brassey picking up in health. All were benefited by the sunshine and walks among the trees. The next landing was at Cadiz, in Spain, whence there was a run by train to Seville, at which the grand object of attraction is the cathedral, a building of matchless beauty, over which Mrs Brassey waxes quite enthusiastic. 'Every time one comes back to this beautiful building, whether the interval has been long or short, it affords increased pleasure and delight. A special interest and grandeur

are attached to the place, I think, from the fact that the name of the designer is entirely unknown. He worked for the love of God and of his art, not for the sake of personal fame; and the creation of his brain is now admired by thousands as each year rolls on.' Such is a just tribute to this marvellous Gothic edifice, which, with its marble fountain and environing orange-trees, contributes so materially to substantiate the saying, that 'he who has not seen Seville has seen nothing.' The party returned to the hotel exhausted with sight-seeing, their way being through a suburb 'where all the inhabitants were enjoying the evening air, sitting on their door-steps, singing and laughing, their hair always elaborately dressed with flowers, however squalid their attire might be.'

On the 8th October, the yacht dropped anchor outside the New Mole at Gibraltar. Visits to various places ensue. 'We went to lunch with Lord and Lady Napier at the convent, and heard a good deal of interesting conversation about India and Afghanistan. Lady Napier had an afternoon reception. It was a pretty sight in the semi-tropical garden, to see the people moving about, or sitting on the bright-coloured chairs and sofas under the trees, or enjoying lawn-tennis in the cool of the shady court. The children of the party, including our own, were entertained at the other end of the garden.' In the evening, Lord and Lady Napier with suite made a return visit to the 'Sunbeam,' and had tea. Everybody at Gibraltar is delighted with them. Moving on in a day or two, the yacht proceeded along the African coast. One of the stopping-places was Oran, a French town, where the hotels and cafés are said to be 'excellent and very cheap.' Good view here of the Atlas Mountains. From the African coast, the 'Sunbeam' shot across to the island of Sardinia, where an opportunity was taken of viewing the old Greek and Roman remains near Cagliari, the site of the ancient Caralis. Then proceeding to the coast of Italy, the party enjoyed a visit to Paestum and Vesuvius. At Pompeii they were specially favoured by being allowed to see some new excavations.

Next was the cruise to Cyprus, the western point of which island, near the ruins of the ancient Paphos, was reached on the 7th November. A considerable part of the narrative is devoted to Cyprus, and for this we must refer readers to the work of Mrs Brassey, who while doing justice to its beauty and fertility, laments the tendency of its climate to produce typhoid fever. The island has to all appearance been ruined in every possible way by the disgraceful mismanagement of the Turks. Its towns are in ruins, its mountains stripped of trees, its marshes left undrained, and its harbours choked up. Riding across the island, the party reached the British encampment at Nikosia, where they were hospitably entertained. At Famagusta, where there is a proposition of improving the harbour, a sad scene of desolation is presented. 'If Famagusta presents a melancholy appearance from the outside, the spectacle within is still more depressing. In the midst of the dust and ruins of the houses and palaces, once containing a population of three hundred thousand souls, are now to be found a few miserable mud-huts, the habitations of some three hundred people. Three churches remain standing

where once there were two hundred; and in the streets, only a few cadaverous-looking creatures may be seen gliding about like ghosts.' At the Government House, all the servants were down with fever. As regards a tendency to fever in Cyprus, there is something quite incomprehensible. Malaria, owing to want of drainage and defective cultivation, may have much to do with it. The strange thing is that, as Mrs Brassey was told, 'even at a height of three thousand feet above the sea-level the fever asserts its sway.' How this insalubrity is to be remedied, is somewhat puzzling. We doubt not, English physicians and engineers will get at the cause of the evil. Meanwhile, from the poverty and scarcity of population, native produce is surprisingly cheap. In doing some marketing, a large quantity of tomatoes, onions, and other vegetables sufficient for all on board the yacht cost only two shillings, and a 'nice fat sheep' was bought for thirteen shillings.

Farewell was bid to Cyprus, November 20. The weather was fine, the sea smooth. The evening was so warm that the party played cards on deck by moonlight, a circumstance which contrasts with the cold foggy condition of the weather in England at this season. Onward the 'Sunbeam' plied its way to Rhodes, celebrated for having once been the residence of the Order of the Knights of St John, and whose vacated palatial dwellings are still in tolerably good condition. The party lodged for a week comfortably, at a neat little inn—a quaintly arranged place with a mosaic pavement, kitchen in the yard, bedroom in a veranda, everything where it was least expected to be; and charming little peeps of scenery from every quarter. Off again at sea, and passed Patmos, where St John wrote the Apocalypse.

The yacht arrived off Seraglio Point at Constantinople on the 1st December. What a change since four years ago! The Sultan deposed, and another in his stead. The harem dispersed. Evidences of misery on all sides. 'Constantinople,' says our authoress, 'has lost much of its glitter and glory; but the mud, squalor, and misery remain, and are increased tenfold.' The bazaars in a half-deserted condition. 'The slaves from the harems are constantly bringing valuable jewels and plate to be disposed of for a little money, not having themselves the least idea of their value. In this way we picked up some beautifully inlaid turquoise belts, carved ivory cups, old silver, and other things, by the merest chance. A friend of mine saw five splendid hoop gem rings, each worth nearly a hundred pounds, sold by a slave to a Jew for one pound each. . . No more gorgeous silken-lined carriages, drawn by white horses, and guarded and attended by eunuchs, slaves, and soldiers; no more less pretentious equipages, from which step ladies attired in silk and satin, and sparkling with jewels, their bright eyes imperfectly concealed by their yashmaks and feridjees. All these are past and gone, and all that can now be seen are a few poorly dressed ladies making their small household purchases.' Such is the graphic picture presented of the desolation that has at length deservedly overtaken the most atrociously misconducted government on the face of the earth. The sins of the Turks have assuredly found them out. But things are not yet at their worst. More terrible humiliations await the Porte and all belonging to it.

Space does not permit us to extend our notice of this agreeable work, which from its attractiveness will be found, we presume, in every public library. Only a word at parting. In returning from Constantinople, the yacht experienced some heavy gales, but fortunately without any disaster. The party left the 'Sunbeam,' not without regret, at Malta; and again returning home through France, were once more in England on the 8th January 1879. The reception at Battle Abbey was as usual marked by a merry peal of bells, every one, dogs big and little included, testifying their happiness on the safe return of the family. Mrs Brassey is happy in the few lines of verse with which she heads her chapters; the last being about the most appropriate in the series:

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.'

Our feeble voice may be permitted to mingle in the general chorus which welcomes Mrs Brassey into the list of English writers, and also to congratulate her on the wholesome and cheerful choice of subject which she has so successfully struck out for general entertainment. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER III.—HISTORY.

Costly and cumbrous vulgarities choked these gilded salons.

THE Hartleys were new people, and were not yet entitled to call themselves 'county.' No man knew exactly how rich old Hartley was, though he passed as a sort of Cæsus. But his mansion was new even to rawness. His coat of arms was original even to absurdity. The whole style of the man was too brassy, too obtrusive, too florid, too everything but gentlemanly. He was an old man and an ugly and a vulgar, and his dress was loud and ostentatious. He had bought a huge estate down there, and had christened it Hartley Park. He had built unto himself a gorgeous mansion, and had christened it Hartley Hall. He had provided himself with a stud of horses, the like of which the county could not shew. His servants were attired in an overwhelming livery. His greenhouses rivalled my Lord Chesterwood's. He kept open house, or something very like it, the whole year through; and he gave on his first coming numerous entertainments for the benefit of the county people, from which the county people coldly stayed away. The rooms of Hartley Hall were more plenteously furnished with buhl and ormolu than a west-end upholsterer's warehouse. Costly and cumbrous vulgarities positively choked these gilded salons. Pictures from the hands of the first modern artists—for art was here as new as everything else—graced the wall in such profusion as almost to hide the very papering. Everything was on a scale of barbaric and unregulated splendour.

Benjamin Hartley of Hartley Hall had two sons. One was still at Cambridge, and the other was an extravagant Lieutenant in the Fourteenth Plungers. That gallant regiment lay just then at Cahir, and County Tipperary knew Lieutenant

Hartley well. Lieutenant Hartley, of Hartley Hall, possessor of unlimited cash and unlimited credit, and heir-expectant to a colossal fortune, was well-enough received among the county people here; and Horace St John Hartley of Jesus found little difficulty in the gratification of his desire for the companionship of the noblest swells just then known to Cambridge. For both the Lieutenant and the student had gotten that air of age their father lacked. Their father would be new to the end of his days, and would continue new if he could live to be as old as Methuselah; but both the lads had a rare power of adaptability. In the days when their father sent them to Eton, there were fewer of the sons of the newly-rich within its walls, and the two young fellows were not long in acquiring the airs of *ton*. The opportunities thus offered, and acquired, had tended to make them somewhat ashamed of their father and of his newness. They were rarely seen at home except at unavoidable seasons; and when forced to meet the author of their being and the contriver of their fortunes, they bore themselves with a distant hauteur in which the old man rejoiced.

'For'—so he sometimes mused—and so in the genial after-dinner hour would sometimes openly declare—'I ain't a gentleman, and I know it; but both Arthur an' Horace are gettin' to be regular tip-top swells. It ain't natural as they should look with a lot o' respect on me. I should despise 'em if they did. But I don't stand no nonsense, mind you. They do as I tell 'em; I take care o' that. I don't know as Solomon was so remarkable wise after all. He says he don't know whether a wise man or a fool is to come after him and collar his coppers. Well, I do. I've got two as sharp lads as you'll find anywhere, with a good eye to the main-chance, both of 'em; and a regular swell style about both of 'em as would ha' made my hair stand on hend to look at twenty year ago. And when I've dropped off, the lads'll come in an' put things straight. These county folks, with their high-strung notions, won't cut *them*, I bet. No, no. It's different with me. I've been in coal and iron and taller, and cotton and stocks and shippin', and pretty nigh everything. They call that sort of thing low, down here. And so it is low. But it's a bit hard lines on a fellow too. The man as does the work and gets the money can't enjoy it. At least he can't enjoy it thorough. But them as comes after him, them as he's scraped for and worked for, and toiled for and moiled for, they'll be able to come in with their Heton lingo and their eye-glasses, and run the rig with any of 'em. And as for coin, they'll go beyond 'em. In point o' coin, I ain't far off shakin' hands with old Coutts, and that's a fact. Big houses ain't always the warmest, and I don't know as if I was to go and tick off thousand for thousand along with him, as I mightn't have something to spare after all.'

So the old heathen communed with himself and with divers of his chosen. He had his good points. Like many men who have striven after money all their lives and have denied themselves greatly, he was, now that his fortune had grown secure, lavishly generous. His good-nature was genuine. His pretty niece had not even to wheedle in order to find liberal comforts for her favourite poor. The clergyman of the parish

never appealed to him in vain. 'No; hang it! Mister,' said old Hartley, when the parson first called on him and let loose upon him the simple annals of the poor of those parts—'No; hang it! Mister; I won't have that in my neighbourhood. But I'm not agoin' to keep the thunderin' village either. Look here,' continued Benjamin with a wink. 'Tell the beggars as I'm a hard-fisted dog as parts with his money like blood. Just keep up that bit o' gammon between ourselves, will you? But you can exercise your influence, you know, an' grind a fi'-pun' note out of me once in a way; don't you see?' The cleric departing, gave it forth that Mr Hartley was one who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame; but when this statement got back to Benjamin's ears, he 'grinned satirically, and surmised that the parson was not a man of business. 'It's a fine thing to have a reputation for hardness,' said the old gentleman. 'It saves a deal o' trouble.'

How came Benjamin Hartley with such a niece as Maud? How, in the name of all that is wonderful, came such a dainty flower to grow from such a rough and gnarled old stock? For rough and gnarled the stock must surely have been which produced Benjamin Hartley, Esquire. But years before this story opens, Benjamin's sister married—very high in life, as people who knew her then fancied; securing no less a person than the young Dissenting minister of the Black Country village she dwelt in. She was a woman of much innate refinement; and her husband—spite of the fact that he was a Dissenting parson—was a scholar and a gentleman. He was dolefully poor, and died young; and his wife followed his example early. Thus their one child, a daughter, was left to the mercies of Providence; and, said Uncle Benjamin, 'Providence turned up trumps in the shape o' me.'

There was another sister who had married later; who married a man whose affairs were flourishing, and who was so very far above the family, that he looked down upon it with a bitter disdain, and never, after his marriage, by a word acknowledged it. His name was Campbell, and he was a wealthy iron-master. Somehow or other, he came to grief, and died utterly penniless, leaving behind him one son, aged three years. Old Hartley was ignorant of this child's existence. Had it been otherwise, he would have given him a home with Maud; for he was not a man who bore malice, and had long since forgiven and forgotten John Campbell's disdain, and had never lost his affection for John Campbell's wife. But the years had come between them, and he knew nothing of their fall from prosperity, or of their death.

Just now—on this especial summer evening—Mr Hartley stood in his drawing-room in expectation of Frank's arrival. The Fairholts were the only county people who might be at all considered caught. Old Hartley knew well enough that they cared very little for him or his house, or even his money. He recognised the magnet which drew the two young fellows to Hartley Hall, and watched their attentions to Maud with much complacency. 'There's Mr William'—so he thought over matters—'has got a very pretty little estate. I know it's entailed, and he can have Maud if he wants her. But I'm rather in favour o' the young un. He'll have next to nothin'; but I like him. He's a

fine handsome chap, with lots o' spirit and fun in him, an' there's no takin' him for anything but a swell, anywhere. I've got two lads o' my own to look after, so they can't expect to get much along with her; but I shall hand her a cheque for a quiet little ten thousand on her wedding-day, and they can set up on *that*, anyhow, even if the young un gets her. Let the gell please herself—that's how I look at it.'

'Maud!' said the old man aloud, waking from his reverie. 'Ain't it time young Fairholt was here?'

At this moment young Fairholt was ushered in, and met with a loud and vulgar welcome.

'Aha! How d'y'e do? Thought you wasn't comin'. Glad to see you, Mr Fairholt. And how's the Hiland? And ow's all at the 'All?'

'Everybody is well, thank you,' Frank answers; but he is already turning to shake hands with Maud. That young lady blushes a little as she comes to meet him, but receives him with great cordiality. A gorgeous menial announces dinner, and there are half-a-dozen other gorgeous menials distributed over the desert of Turkey carpet in the dining-room. Warm as the weather is, there is an aspect of arctic coldness about this huge apartment, and there is a sense of desertion in the very look of the great table. It would seem as though a score or so of people had been invited and had not come; and the three sit down in the Turkey carpet desert, before that table-land of snow, as in a magnificent but enforced isolation.

Will you look at Maud through her lover's eyes or through mine? For my part, I am free—in parliamentary English—to confess that I have seen prettier faces, though I have not seen many more lovable. Of what use is it to attempt to draw a portrait in words of a pretty young Englishwoman? How can the pen catch those gracious little turns of the head—those marvellously minute modellings of cheek and nose and lips—those tender graces of the eyes—those helpless yet fearless and endearing ways which go so far to make the charm of sweet eighteen? I can tell you that Maud is tall and slim and graceful. I can tell you that she has brown hair and hazel eyes. 'But girls with hair and eyes are everywhere.' I can tell you that her complexion is most daintily clear and sweet, and that her mouth is most eminently kissable. I could catalogue a score more of her graces; but what would this suffice you? My brother of the brush goes beyond me in this matter altogether, and Frank in twenty minutes could present you with a random smutch in colour which would tell you more about her in this regard than Dickens himself could have told you in a twelve-month.

Dinner is not a matter of much account to female eighteen and male four-and-twenty, when they chance to be at the same table and are in love with each other. Old Hartley's presence troubled the young people little, for he said nothing he could avoid saying, and seemed buried in his own fancies. Just a little tell-tale shot was fired across the table now and again from Frank to Maud, and from Maud to Frank, and they both grew a little shy.

Dinner being over, the millionaire broke silence: 'We'll take our wine up-stairs, if you please, Mr Fairholt. The ladies is very near a fiction in this here instance.'

So Maud's rising was the signal for host and visitor to follow. Maud's taste had evidently been busy about the room they now entered. There was no barbarism of splendour here. Everything was quiet, refined, and graceful. The windows of the room looked out on the park. A sweet prospect. The evening was still young. The blue of the sky was a little more tender, the gleam of the sunlight a little mellower on the park landscape and the pleasant river.

'For my part,' said the retired capitalist, arranging himself comfortably in an arm-chair, 'I don't take wine after dinner. I'm contented with a drop o' brandy an' a bit of ice. But there's anything you like here. Try that there sherry. My Lord Chesterwood himself can't beat that, I'll bet. Melted gold, it looks like, don't it? And by Jove! sir, that's pretty well what it amounts to. Now I shall just take my nip, and then I shall take my nap, and leave Maud to take care of you, sir. I can't do without my snooze after dinner.'

The old gentleman's appetite had been diminished by no such cause as that which had spoiled the dinner of his young companions. He had well eaten and drunken, and his nap came readily. A bassoon-like note again and again repeated, monotonous but mellow, accompanied and proclaimed his slumbers, and Maud and Frank were left to their own devices.

'Would you'— Frank began, and stopped there.

'Would I'— said Maud, hinting a continuation.

'I wanted to suggest a stroll in the gardens. It's dreadfully hot here.'

'Shall I rouse Mr Hartley?' Maud asked.

'Nonsense, Maud! Do you care to walk? It looks so peaceful and calm outside that it seems almost a sin to stay indoors.'

'It does indeed,' Maud answered, and for a moment disappeared. When she returned, she had thrown over her head a something of dark lace, the edges whereof fell to her waist—the merest pretence of preparation for out-of-doors. She and Frank were on very close and confidential terms of friendship, and were perhaps nervously inclined to parade this to themselves, because they both knew very well that there was something more than friendship behind its pleasant mask. They chose a shady walk which led through well-laid gardens to the Park. At the Park gate they stopped. The silence had grown a little embarrassing, for neither had spoken since they had left the house.

Frank broke the bonds of quiet with an effort: 'I go back to town in a day or two.'

'Indeed!' Maud said. 'So soon?'

'Yes. It goes sorely against the grain; but I have some matters of importance to see to, and I must get back almost at once.'

'It is too bad, Frank. You are more than half pledged for the picnic on the first. You are a very faithless and inconsiderate person.'

'If you are going to scold, Maud, I must smoke. I can endure the ills of life with greater philosophy when behind a cigar than under any other circumstances. Are you provided?'

'Yes sir; I am provided,' responded Maud, producing a cigar-case. 'Knowing that we could not possibly spend five minutes together without quarrelling, and knowing that you can never

quarrel with decent politeness unless you smoke, I have stolen Uncle's case.'

'You are a very accommodating antagonist,' Frank answered, accepting the proffered cigar. He did not light it at once, but leaned with his elbows on the gate and looked thoughtfully across the Park.

'Well sir,' said Maud with a pretty air of harmless impudence. 'Get your battery in order. The enemy advances in full force.'

'No,' returned Frank, looking round upon her; 'I shall not fall back upon my reserves until my present forces are expended. I shall withhold my fire.'

'Very good,' Maud answered gaily. 'The enemy's advance-guard declares itself. Why were you so stupidly silent during dinner?'

'I plead guilty to the silence, but deny the stupidity.'

'You change ground already, sir, and try to escape from the battle-field to the law-court. But I am willing to encounter you there. On what ground do you deny the stupidity?'

'On the ground that I was mentally engaged in a wise admiration.'

'A wise admiration? The admiration of your own face and figure in the glass behind me? I caught you twice.'

'I am grateful for the complaisance which pronounces such an admiration wise.'

'And I,' returned Maud, 'am astonished at the vanity which accepts so absurdly false a compliment.'

'I return to the old simile,' Frank replied. 'My outposts fall back for the protection of the main body, and the artillery prepares for action. Will my courteous enemy assist me?'

'Your courteous enemy has stolen a box of vestas, and now proffers them.'

'My courteous enemy is thanked for her courtesy. But now a truce to truces. There goes the first puff from the artillery. The action begins in earnest, and the forces of the Frank make reprisals. Why were you so stupidly silent during dinner?'

'The enemy grows insolent.'

'Maud!'

'Sir!'

'Let us be serious.'

'I am more than serious. Come sir. For

Front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.'

'Oh, bother Tom Campbell and his dreadful line! Maud, let me speak. I'm going back to town almost directly, and I have something I must say to-night. I shall not see you again for heaven alone knows how long.' He throws his cigar over the gate, and takes both her hands in his: 'Maud, I love you!'

The saucy eyes were lowered. Maud made no answer. Frank relinquished one hand and stole an arm round her waist. She attempted no repulse. He kissed her, and her head dropped down upon his shoulder. So they stood for a while.

I can scarcely find the heart, in pursuance of my function as story-teller, to take them from each other's arms. They will never be so happy as they are at this blessed moment, any more. There was a something which welled up in Frank's

heart and surprised him. An infinite protecting tenderness. An emotion at once vast and vague; comprising within it all possible loves; of fatherhood and brotherhood and childhood. He thought of his own follies and his own unworthiness, and his eyes were a little dimmed with tears. There was a sharp compunction in his breast as he laid a hand on each cheek and gently forced back the blushing face until the shy eyes were raised to his and dropped again, and the shy sweet face was nestled at his heart.

'Look here, Maud!' said Frank very earnestly. 'You don't know what a pack of imperfections you have taken hold of. I've been an idle, careless, butterfly sort of fellow. I have never been in earnest in my whole life about anything but you; and I want to make confession; and I want love to absolve me; and I want to promise that I'll be a thousand times more industrious and more manly in life than I have ever been before. I want to promise this; and I want to have it on my mind always that I have promised. And when I think of you, darling—and that will be always—I shall think of this confession and this promise. And just to make the promise all the more sacred, give me your hands, dear. Tell me for the first time that you care for me.' And so, by love, and love's confession, Frank Fairholt vowed himself to manhood.

The lovers lingered in the garden. The light grew softer and fainter. Through a long vista in the Park they could see the pale summer moon low on the horizon. It was a time and a place of peace, and joy had no tumult now. They talked—as happy lovers will—of the future. They filled it with bright visions of home and of homely joys. Was there any sorrow in the sky at large? None. There was no cloud even so large as a man's hand.

But Time will not stay his course, even for happy lovers. Parting came at last. A pleasant parting. Good-bye and Good-bye often repeated. A tender warfare in which each was resolved to bless the other last. Good-bye. Good-bye.

Was there any sorrow in the sky? Was there a cloud so large as a man's hand? Yet did these happy lovers meet no more for ever.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

In the year 1851, the *Nautilus*, a barque of three hundred tons burden, was chartered by the Chilean government, and placed under the command of Captain Lopez de Ferrande of the Chilean navy. The object was to make a fresh survey of the Strait of Magellan and the adjacent coasts. Among those who sailed on board this vessel was the writer of this present paper.

On the 13th of September—early spring in the southern hemisphere—of the year above mentioned, the *Nautilus* sailed from Valparaiso, and arrived off Cape Desolation, at the western entrance of the Strait, on the 29th of the same month. It is not my purpose to furnish any report of the survey; therefore I shall merely mention that the vessel remained on the service until the 1st of

August of the following year, when the task having been completed, she sailed to return to Valparaiso. During our long sojourn in that gloomy region of the earth, it was the chief relaxation of the officers of the ship to go on shore to shoot *guanacos*, a species of alpaca which abounds on both shores of the Strait. It was on one of these excursions on shore that the circumstances occurred which I am about to relate.

On the 4th of May 1852, the *Nautilus* lay moored to a rock in deep water close to the cliff, in a narrow creek on the Tierra del Fuego or south shore of the Strait; and early in the afternoon of that day, a numerous party, consisting of Captain de Ferrande; the surgeon of the ship; Don Enrique de Guzman the second officer, who was the son of the chief owner of the vessel; myself, and others, went on shore on a shooting expedition. We had capital sport; and it was still early in the evening when we prepared to return on board. While, however, the sailors in attendance were collecting the spoils of the chase—comprising eight *guanacos*, ten or twelve foxes, and several birds of different varieties—Don Enrique, who was standing by my side, apart from the others of the party—from whom we were concealed by the 'bush'—espied a herd of *guanacos* on the side of an acclivity near by.

'Look yonder!' he exclaimed in English, which language he spoke fluently. 'Our rifles are loaded. Let us have another shot before we return to the ship. That is the finest herd we have met with to-day.'

He crept cautiously towards the herd, and I followed him. *Guanacos*, though very timid, are not keen of scent, and may be approached without much difficulty, if the hunters can keep out of their sight; but before we got within rifle-range of the herd, the animals took alarm and started off at full speed. Still we followed, forgetful of our companions in the ardour of the chase, until, having plunged into the heart of the bush, and missed the path, we had to own ourselves completely lost! To increase our difficulties, the dense gray fog or mist, called by the Spaniards the *müsgo*, was rising in the east, and rapidly increasing in density. This mist is peculiar to the shores of South America, or at all events I have never met with it elsewhere. It is most frequent in the fall of the year—that is, in the months of April, May, and June; and it usually rises suddenly at nightfall, sometimes advancing with great rapidity, but oftener creeping over the ground at as it were a snail's pace. Though very light in colour, no object at any considerable distance off can be seen through it; while objects near by that are visible assume a shadowy aspect, and are enormously magnified.

Don Enrique called my attention to the shroud-like mist that was approaching, and that threatened speedily to envelop us in its folds.

'Let us make our way towards the coast,' said I. 'If we follow the line of cliffs, we shall find the ship. Otherwise, we may wander about in this confounded bush all night.'

We soon reached the cliffs, and then continued our course westward, the mist still slowly approaching, but as yet a considerable distance in our rear;

and despite the unpleasantness of our position, we stopped for a few moments to gaze upon the prospect presented to our view—fascinated as it were by its melancholy aspect. Perhaps there is no scenery in the world so desolate, so gloomy, so savage in its features, and withal so melancholy as that of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. I have stood in the Pass of Glencoe while a wintry storm was raging around me; I have visited in the fall of the year some of the wildest fiords on the west coast of Norway; and have stood on the summit of the cliffs in Iceland when night was closing in, and gazed upon the bleak surrounding rocks and crags, and upon the stormy waves of the Atlantic rolling far down beneath my feet. But though in each and all of these places the scenery is savage and gloomy as need be, it lacks the utter desolation that is the chief feature of Patagonian scenery.

Already the air was growing chilly, though during a few hours at noonday the sun had shone brightly, and the heat for a while had been oppressive; for the nights are always cold on these dreary shores, alike in summer and winter, and summer snow-storms are by no means infrequent. Usually, however, whether in summer or winter, the sky wears a dark leaden aspect, and seems to hang strangely near the earth; while the generally stormy sea is of a muddy, greenish hue, different in appearance from any other part of the open ocean. The cliffs rise to the height of from seven to fourteen hundred feet, almost perpendicularly from the waters that wash their base—the black rugged rocks of which they are composed appearing to be heaped carelessly one upon another—Ossa piled on Ossa in wild confusion, and threatening to fall at any moment.

The Strait of Magellan, three hundred miles in length, varies in breadth from a mile and a quarter to thirty and thirty-five miles; but in the narrow creeks in one of which the *Nautilus* lay moored, the towering cliffs, viewed from a short distance off, seem almost to touch one another. The island of Tierra del Fuego narrows almost to a point at its western extremity; and now, standing on the cliff above the creek, we had a view alike of the opposite shore of Patagonia and of the Pacific Ocean to the southward. It is frightful to gaze down into one of these narrow creeks from the summit of the cliffs. Often when on shore we were accustomed to crawl on our hands and knees to the edge of the cliff and look down into the dark abyss, shuddering as we gazed upon the waters—looking almost black as ink—that rolled beneath.

Little did Enrique or I think at such times that the time would come when we would stand together midway above the fearful gulf, a narrow ledge of crumbling rock alone preserving us from falling into its terrible depths!

Now, though we were anxious to outstrip the approaching mûsco, and get back on board the ship ere night closed in, we still lingered, gazing upon the mournful prospect, ever changing, and growing more and more gloomy as the shadows of evening crept over it. Notwithstanding the gradual approach of darkness, we knew that there would yet be nearly an hour of twilight; and we watched the flight of the albatrosses and Cape pigeons and other sea-fowl peculiar to the latitude, as they hastened in from

seaward to their dismal eyries in the crevices of the cliffs, filling the air with the sound of their discordant screams. Seemingly near to us, though in reality many miles distant, was the island of Cape Horn, with the singularly curved cone rising from its centre, a dismal, storm-lashed beacon, warning mariners not to approach too near the fatal coast. It had been nearly calm, but the wind was beginning to rise, and though still light, was howling mournfully as it swept through the numerous creeks and inlets. The shudder of the dying day was upon land and sea alike.

A short distance from the shore, between the island of Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn, two huge grampuses had risen to the surface to breathe and to amuse themselves with their clumsy gambols. Every now and again the huge monsters raised their black, arched backs high out of the sea, each time spouting a vaporous jet high in air, and then falling back with a tremendous splash—faintly audible at the spot where we stood—dived down, and disappeared from our sight, to rise again, in an incredibly short space of time, a quarter of a mile distant. The noise produced by the spouting sounded, in our fancy, like the long-drawn sighs of some giant Titan bemoaning the sad fate that compelled him to wander for ever amidst the desolation of a ruined world.

Turning about, we beheld, on the other hand, close beneath our feet, the dark abyss of which I have spoken, and the gloomy shore of Patagonia, over which the shadows of night were now gathering rapidly. But the mûsco was creeping nearer and nearer, and the ever increasing chilliness of the atmosphere urged us to hasten our return to the ship.

Don Enrique, who was a few paces in advance of me, hastened on, calling upon me to follow. I obeyed the call; but scarcely a minute elapsed ere my companion, with a cry of terror, suddenly disappeared. I thought that he had stumbled into one of the numerous holes or crevices on the summit of the cliff, and sprained his ankle or otherwise hurt himself, and I hurried on to his assistance. In an instant I felt my feet slipping from under me, and found myself sliding swiftly down. In vain I tried to stop myself—I only slid the more rapidly. Presently I felt as though I had slipped over a ledge, and was no longer sliding but falling into the dark depth beneath the cliff. The horror of those few moments—they could have been but a few moments—is indescribable. I gave myself up for lost, and my whole life from childhood upwards seemed to pass in review in my memory. I thought of home, so far away; of friends whom I should never see again, and who probably would never know my fate; of my shipmates on board the *Nautilus*, so near by, yet from whom I should soon be separated for ever; of the warm, snug, well-lighted cabin where they were enjoying themselves, and vainly looking for me to rejoin them. It is said that the wild fancies in dreams occur only at the moment before waking. In those few moments I lived a lifetime. I was brought up suddenly with a jerk that almost precipitated me into the gulf beneath; and I found my feet resting upon a narrow ledge of rock not more than eighteen inches wide, which appeared to extend upon my right hand

along the whole line of the cliff. I had slipped down one of the slopes which here and there break the level line on the top of the cliffs, the short moss-like grass with which they are overgrown becoming slippery as ice or frozen snow, when slightly damped by the dews of evening, after the sun has shone warmly upon it during the day.

My first thought after I recovered from this shock was of Enrique. I could not see him, and I believed that he had fallen to the bottom of the abyss.

'Enrique! Enrique!' I shouted several times in vain. At length, to my great relief, he faintly responded to my call. He too had been brought up by the same narrow ledge of rock to which I owed my safety. But he was separated from me by a slight projection of the cliff, around which the ledge appeared to run; though, at the distance of a few yards to my left, it broke off suddenly, the cliff at that spot appearing to rise perpendicularly from its base to its summit, which I judged to be at least a hundred feet above my head.

'Are you on the top of the cliff?' cried Enrique.

'No,' I shouted. 'I slipped down the slope. I am standing on a narrow ledge of rock. I was afraid that you were lost.'

'O Dios! what will become of us?' he exclaimed.

'We must try to regain the summit,' I replied. 'Can you come to me, or shall I try to reach you?'

Enrique made no reply; and fearing that he had fainted, I determined to try to get to his assistance. In the first place, however, thinking that it would be best for both of us if I could regain the summit, as I might then make a rope of a portion of my clothing, and let the end down to my companion, I tried to climb up the slope, though for several feet above my head—to the spot where I had fancied I was falling perpendicularly into the abyss—the cliff was almost straight up and down. Still I tried my utmost to clamber up. I dug my finger-nails into the rocky earth, and strove to find a foothold on the little projecting points of rock. But though I broke my nails in the attempt, I could obtain no sufficient purchase whereby to raise the weight of my body, and I slipped down immediately. However, I made a second attempt, and this time climbed a few feet above the ledge; but I slipped down again, and so heavily, that a portion of the ledge near its edge crumbled away with the shock of my fall, and I tried no more. The risk was too terrible to venture a third time.

'Are you still safe, Enrique?' I now inquired; and this time he faintly answered: 'Yes.'

'I'll try to get to you,' I said.

But this was no easy task, for the ledge did not run in a straight line. In some places it rose slightly, in others it fell, while it narrowed in spots from eighteen inches to not more than half that width. I now took off my shoes, and left them where I stood. Fortunately, both Enrique and I wore thick-ribbed worsted socks, which enabled us to obtain a firmer foothold than we could otherwise have secured. My rifle, to which I had clung while slipping down the slope, had been jerked out of my hand by the sudden shock

when I was arrested by the ledge, and had fallen into the dark depth beneath. But though I afterwards grieved sorely over its loss, I thought little of it at that moment. Having nothing now to encumber me, I endeavoured to grope my way along the ledge, pressing my body close to the side of the cliff, while I placed one foot before the other with the utmost caution. I did very well until I reached the projecting point which concealed Don Enrique from my sight. But at this point, though it projected but a few feet, the ledge inclined slightly upward, while it narrowed so much that I could not have placed my feet side by side. Yet round this point I had to make my way, pressing close to the side of the cliff on my right hand, and conscious that a mis-step, or the slightest feeling of giddiness, or the least crumbling of the ledge itself, would hurl me headlong into the now invisible depth—seven or eight hundred feet. I scarcely dared to draw my breath. I dreaded lest each successive moment should be my last; but I succeeded in rounding the point, when the fearful footpath widened; and in a short time I stood safe by the side of Enrique, who seemed to have hardly yet recovered from the first effects of the shock he had experienced.

I had no little difficulty to persuade him to move onward. He would have remained where he was; but the ledge at this spot was little more than twelve inches wide, and had we remained where we stood, it is not likely that either of us would have seen the morning light. If we had been seized with vertigo, or if for a moment we had closed our eyes in sleep, we would surely have fallen from our giddy perch, while the slow but sure approach of the *músgo* rendered every moment of delay more perilous. I could not possibly have passed my companion and gone on by myself, even had I been inclined to do so; but at length I persuaded him to move onward. Frequently, since that terrible night, have I marvelled at our escape, and shuddered to think of the fearful peril in which we were placed. For a long time afterwards it haunted me in my slumbers, and I would start up in terror from a dream in which I fancied that I had slipped from the ledge, and was falling—falling into the awful abyss! At such times of great peril, however, men dare and accomplish deeds that at other times appear utterly impossible to them. The love of life, or the necessity for exertion at all hazards, or the excitement peculiar to such occasions, supports them, and imparts to them a degree of courage and energy that they would not otherwise possess.

We were both young and active, and accustomed to climb to or look down from dizzy heights, and were frequently placed in a position in which we as it were held our lives in our hands. We hoped ere the *músgo* should close around us or ere darkness should set in, to discover some spot on the side of the cliff up which we could clamber to its summit, which we judged to be about a hundred feet above our heads; and with the utmost caution, placing one foot before the other, we moved slowly along the ledge, seeking, for a long time in vain, for such a spot as we hoped to find.

I have said that the ledge rose and fell at intervals, and was also of unequal width; but in no spot was it more than eighteen inches wide,

while it was frequently not more than half that width. The ascents were not difficult to make; but the descents, though generally very slight and gradual, were dangerous in the extreme. It was difficult to prevent our feet from slipping, and sometimes we fancied that the ledge itself was giving way beneath us. We had advanced perhaps a quarter of a mile from the spot where we fell—though in the circumstances in which we were placed it is difficult to judge of time or distance—when the method employed by our shipmates to guide us back to the ship came near to bring about our destruction.

As we afterwards learned, our shipmates, finding that we had not returned to the ship with them, naturally supposed that we were lost in the bush; and Captain Ferrande ordered a gun to be fired, thinking that the report would guide us towards the creek in which the ship lay. The report was echoed and re-echoed through the Strait, the sound reverberating amongst the glens and inlets like rolling thunder. It almost startled us off the narrow ledge, and caused several large pieces of overhanging rock to detach themselves, and to fall crashing and thundering into the gulf beneath. The sea-fowl too, the albatrosses and Cape pigeons, alarmed at the unusual noise, came forth from their roosting-places in the side of the cliff, and flew, screaming in terror, through the inlet; and one large albatross, as though it resented our intrusion upon its dreary domain, rose screaming discordantly high above our heads, and then swooped down directly upon us, its tremendous wing almost touching us as it descended. So near it came to us that it was a miracle we were not swept from our precarious foothold.

These, however, were not the most alarming results of the report. A huge piece of rock fell heavily upon the ledge a short distance from us and crumbled it completely away, leaving a gap of nearly three feet in width, over which we had to pass. To leap or stride across such a gap on level ground is easy enough even to a child. But it is a very different matter to cross a gap three feet wide with a perpendicular wall of rock on one side, and a chasm seven hundred feet deep on the other, with a consciousness that the least slip or mishap of any kind must prove fatal. The ledge at this spot was not sufficiently wide to enable us to put our feet together, and the fact that the fall of rock had been sufficient to crumble it away, shewed us how precarious was our slender foothold, and led us to fear lest our weight, even if we safely crossed the gap, should cause it to crumble beneath our feet. To turn round on such a narrow foothold was impossible; and if we *could* have turned and gone back to the spot whence we started, it would have served no purpose. We could not run to take a leap that would carry us well clear of the crumbling edge. There was no alternative but to step as lightly and actively as we could across the fearful gap.

For some moments we both hesitated. To take the leap in our position seemed like an act of suicide, yet to remain where we were until we should become enshrouded in the mist would be equally fatal to us. At length Enrique, who was in advance of me, and was younger and lighter than I, ventured to make a leaping stride across the gap, and was successful. I followed, and also

succeeded in crossing safely, though, as I landed on the narrow foothold, I heard the rocky earth at the edge of the gap crumble and fall rattling down the cliff. We had escaped a fearful peril. But darkness was now rapidly closing in. We could see but a very short distance ahead, and the mist in our rear was rapidly overtaking us. We strove to encourage one another; but hope of eventual escape was almost dead within us. Again we moved onward for a time that seemed considerable to us, and still, though the ledge was now much wider, the side of the cliff against which we pressed rose perpendicularly, high above our heads. At length I was startled by a cry of joy from Enrique. I could scarcely see him now through the gloom, though he was but a short distance ahead. He, however, waited until I came up, and then joyfully pointed to a gentle slope in the side of the cliff, leading apparently from the ledge to the summit. We commenced the ascent immediately. It was full of projecting pieces of rock, which sometimes gave way beneath our weight, and went crashing down the cliff's side. But we stepped with great caution, following the sailor's rule of never letting go our hold with our hands till our foothold was secured, and thus succeeded in reaching the top of the cliff in safety. Then Enrique, who, since the moment when he recovered from the first shock of his fall, had behaved himself bravely, sunk down to the earth and wept and sobbed hysterically. Poor fellow! he had not been a twelvemonth married, to a young and pretty girl, when the ship sailed from Valparaiso.

'O Inez, Inez!' he sobbed forth in Spanish; 'what would have become of you if I had perished?'

I attempted to offer no consolation; for though I struggled to control my feelings, I felt nearly as bad as he. After a while, he grew calmer; and we both expressed our gratitude to heaven for our almost miraculous escape from a terrible death. It soon became dark, and the *músko* wrapped us in its folds. It was bitterly cold, and the mist in a short time wetted us completely through our clothing. Nevertheless, we were both so overcome with fatigue that in a few minutes we both slept soundly, nor did we wake until day was breaking and the rising sun was gradually dispersing the mist.

We still felt the effects of our terrible adventure of the previous evening, and our limbs were numbed and stiff. However, as the sun rose higher in the heavens and shone forth bright and warm, our wet garments dried upon us, and the stiffness in our limbs passed away. Approaching the edge of the cliff cautiously on our hands and knees, we peered down into the Strait, in the hope of seeing the ship; but we could see nothing of her. Enrique had let go his rifle when he first felt his feet slipping, and of course had lost it, as I had lost mine, or we would have fired off the pieces to attract the attention of our shipmates. But as we could not do this, we again plunged into the bush, and sought to discover the native path from which we had strayed on the previous afternoon, though we found it difficult to pick our steps—without shoes to protect our feet—amidst the prickly shrubs and fallen branches of trees which covered the ground. Still, though we were beginning to feel hungry, we kept up our spirits,

feeling confident that our shipmates would come in search of us, and that if we failed to discover the lost path, they would find us before the day was very far advanced.

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—HOW IT WAS REGAINED.

I RETURNED to Cottam saddened and disappointed, but by no means convinced. I had, however, no choice but to leave the mystery to be solved by time. In due course Ellen and I were married. She received her two hundred and fifty pounds; and opportunity just then occurring, I bought a practice at Kinton, to which place we removed. We saw nothing of Charles, but heard that he had gone abroad. And so days and months passed on; I was happy in the love of my dear wife, and we both tried to forget 'what might have been,' or that we had ever looked forward to the possession of a fortune.

One evening about twelve months after I had settled at Kinton, I was called into the surgery to attend a lady. Of course I had no other thought than that it was a patient; nor was my opinion changed when I saw her, for her cheeks were hollow and her eyes sunken; but what was my surprise on looking closer to recognise in that wasted form the once passably fair, if not brilliant Miss Leclerc.

She saw I recognised her, and without waiting for me to speak, said: 'You are surprised to see me here, doctor; but I have something important to say to you. Can we be alone?'

'We shall not be disturbed here,' I said; and still not doubting that it was medical advice she required, I added: 'Well now, tell me your symptoms, and I will prescribe for you.'

'No, doctor; your medicines would do me no good in the purpose I have in view. I require your help, not medicine; and let me say, that in helping me, you will help yourself in a way you little expect.'

'Tell me how; and if I can do it, I will.'

'You can do it, I am sure; and equally sure you will, after you have heard my story.'

'I am all attention.'

'Well then, listen. I must go back to the time of Mr Russel's death. You were very much surprised and disappointed at the disposition of his property; were you not?'

I bowed assent.

'In fact the will was a complete mystery to you?'

'It was indeed a deep mystery.'

'I can explain it.'

'You!' I said, springing to my feet—'you! Why, you had very little communication with Mr Russel in his last illness.'

'No; and yet I tell you I can explain the mystery; and on two conditions, I will.'

'Name them. They must be onerous indeed if I fail to comply with them.'

'Oh, they are not difficult; they are simply these. First, that in consideration of this my assistance in obtaining your rights, you will not have me punished for the part I myself took in the matter; and secondly, that you will supply

me with money enough to go to America, where I have friends.'

'But if a crime was committed, have I the power to promise you immunity from punishment?'

'Be content. You have; for the crime—and I won't deny that there was a crime—injured no one but you and Miss Ellen; and if I make restitution by enabling you to secure the real culprit, you can surely let the tool go free.'

'Well, I promise,' I said, after a few moments' consideration. 'Do what you have said, and I pledge my word that neither I nor any one on my behalf shall bring you to justice for your share in the transaction. That being granted, the other condition is easily fulfilled.'

'That is enough. I will now proceed. But first I must tell you why I do this. It is not, as you might suppose, out of consideration for you, or even for Miss Ellen, although my conscience has often troubled me for my ingratitude towards her. No,' she said; 'I have a purpose to serve, and that purpose is—*Revenge*. Nay; start not. It is the desire for revenge that nerves me to the confession. You remember what I once was. Look at me now. See my hollow cheek and wasted form; hear of my blighted life, and then cease to wonder that I crave for revenge on the cause. But pardon me; I must begin at the beginning. Soon after Mr Russel's death, and the affairs were all settled, Charles left England for Paris. This you knew; but you did not know that I went with him.—As his wife, do you ask? No! Poor silly fool that I was; I trusted to his promise, that we would be married in Paris. Well, we lived gaily enough for two or three months; the marriage put off on one pretext or another, until one day he went out, and never returned. He had left me—left me almost penniless—to starve or die, not caring which. It was some days before I could realise the fact that I was indeed deserted. I thought some accident had befallen him, and made inquiries in all directions. I even visited the dreadful Morgue, but without avail. At length I heard that he had gone to Lyons, on his way to Venice; and thither I determined to follow him, but on the road was struck down by illness. When I recovered, all trace of him was lost. How I got back to England, I hardly know; but I was buoyed up by the hope that after all there might be some mistake, and that I should find him here, glad to receive me back. I did find him; but how? The Willows has now both master and mistress. Yes; he is married, notwithstanding all his promises to me. Another reigns in the house where I ought to be supreme. Oh, but he shall regret it. Little did he know my power, or he would have sacrificed his right hand ere he offended me. I did not tell him, because I wanted his love, not his fear; and when I would have told him, it was too late, for he had gone, gone, and left me the wreck you see; married another, after the most sacred promises to me. But I will be revenged. Yes; revenged to the uttermost. He has known my love; now he shall learn my hate. I will drag him down—down, even as he has dragged me.' It is impossible to convey the emphasis with which all this, especially the latter part, was said. I could see that the spirit of revenge was in her, its fire burning her very life out.

'Still,' I said, 'you have not yet told me anything about the will. I am anxious to hear about that.'

'I am coming to it now; but I cannot talk any more to-night. See here; in this packet I have written a full history of the transaction. Take it and read it, and I will come again to-morrow at this time to complete the evidence. Now let me go, for I am very weak.'

In truth she appeared weak and almost ready to faint; so I gave her a cordial, and sending for a conveyance, handed her in, and bade her good-night.

Need I say that I hastened to my room to peruse the packet. I was far too anxious to delay. I found it addressed to myself, and inside headed: 'The History of the Will of Mr Charles Russel, as related by Jeannette Leclerc.'

(To be concluded next week.)

THE AMERICAN PENCIL-TRADE.

THE pencil-works of the Dixon Company of New Jersey, established a few years ago, present to the visitor many of those novel features in the application of machinery which appear to be characteristic of nearly every industry in the United States. Graphite of great purity is found at Ticonderoga, N.Y., both in the form suitable for the manufacture of crucibles, and for the production of what are erroneously known as 'lead-pencils.' The graphite is reduced in mills to a fine impalpable powder, almost as mobile as water, and making the fingers as smooth as if they had been oiled. A process of mixing with a peculiar description of clay is then used, according to the degree of 'hardness' desired in the pencils; and the substance having been reduced to a dough form, one of the most curious processes of the manufacture is seen. The dough is placed in a cylinder, within which a screw works a well-fitting plunger, and at the bottom is a plate having holes of the shape and size of which the 'lead' is to be cut. As the coils of tenacious material issue from these holes, they are cut up in lengths equal to three pencils, straightened, flattened, and baked. It has been found possible to run a coil four thousand feet long without breaking; such a length of unbroken pencil material having been shewn by the Dixon Company at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

The Americans have in their own territory that Florida cedar which makers in Europe use so largely for pencils, and great quantities of the necessary timber are cut down for the Dixon Company. The cedar is brought home to New Jersey, not in logs, but in blocks seven inches long, and these again are cut into strips measuring three and a half inches wide by three-sixteenths thick. This last fact reveals two differences between the methods usually employed in Europe, for the pencil-slip is in this factory made of a width to yield six pencils, instead of being cut singly; and both halves of the pencil are alike; and not, as in the older method, one portion narrower than the other. Both sides of the pencil-slip are equally grooved; and the process of filling

the slips, which is done by hand, is exceedingly interesting. Each girl engaged in filling takes up a grooved slip in one hand, a bunch of the straight 'leads' in the other, and with a dexterity begotten of practice, very rapidly inserts six of the stalks in the slip. This being handed to a second girl, the latter receives from a third worker the second half of the slip, over which a brush of hot glue has just been passed. The two halves are brought together, each one, it will be remarked, embracing half of the 'lead,' and then, when a row of these slips has been filled, they are pressed under a screw-frame till the glue is dry. The next process is to smooth the ends where the 'leads' project, and then we reach another very interesting machine. In this machine a revolving cutter seizes the slip, and with two cuts removes the superfluous wood, separates the pencils, and rounds them into shape. The pencils fall from this machine in a continuous stream, or rather in six continuous streams, each pencil finished for use, and so smooth, it is alleged, that the finest sand-paper would scratch them.

American ingenuity is also seen in an arrangement by which the chips falling from this machine are sucked away by a 'blower' into the engine-room and consumed as fuel, with the result of keeping the place perfectly free from rubbish. The next curiosity is the 'counting-board,' a grooved board or table, on which, by rubbing a handful of pencils over it, and seeing that each groove is full, a gross of pencils can be accurately counted off in five or six seconds. Other ingenious machines are in use for staining and varnishing the pencils, stamping marks and names, and finally packing them in a singular and convenient method, the package being oval in shape. By the use of checks on the quantity of material given out, the Dixon Company boasts of being able to secure that if even one pencil of the eighty thousand made daily is abstracted it will be missed; and incidents are not wanting where this fact, being unknown and unsuspected, has brought people into trouble who thought that one pencil might be removed from amongst such large numbers. The rule of the house is, that if a pencil is missed from a room, every one employed in that room is discharged unless the pencil be found; and as there is a further rule that no one discharged shall in any case be re-employed, every one in the place is interested in securing the honesty both of visitors and co-workers.

A curious story is told of Mr Dixon, founder of the crucible manufactory to which the pencil-trade has within the last few years been added. In 1830 he proposed to make pencils, and actually shewed some in Boston, Mass., where he was told he must put European labels on them if he wished them to sell. Unlike most American inventors, he took such offence at this, that instead of persevering, he went home and resolved never to make another pencil. Now, the successors to the crucible business, having resumed the attempt, make pencils in such abundance and of such excellence, that while they can offer a cheap pencil at one-third of a cent, they make in all about four hundred different styles, in shape, quality, hardness, &c., and turn out so many pencils that it is calculated they produce one-third of the entire number used annually in the United States. This success in supplanting pencils of European make is attributed

to the adoption of that characteristic to which reference has already been made, the determination of American manufacturers to use machinery wherever possible in every branch of their work.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY A LADY.

FIRST SERIES.

I NEVER remember the time when I did not love all living things. When a little child, I believed that trees and flowers had a sort of consciousness. I had a garden of my own—a little plot in my father's large one; but all the lovely flowers he could procure for me were planted there; and as I tended them with the greatest care, I thought every individual plant knew me, and looked to me for love and attention. I could not have passed them by without a kindly word, and never failed to give to each its proper share of the treasures of my watering-can.

For some years I had not any particular pet of my own; I do not know why, but such was the case, until one evening when, as I was watering my spring flowers, I heard a loud noise in the kitchen-garden. I listened; and hearing the voices of one or two boys I knew, and thinking there must be some mischief on hand, I hastened down the garden, and found eight of them pelting something with stones. At first I thought it was a poor stray kitten. There had been a pit dug for some purpose, and when I looked down, I saw a toad lying at the bottom. This was what they were persecuting. My heart swelled with indignation. But what was a little girl against eight cruel boys! I tried in vain to reason with them, when a sudden thought came into my mind: Can I bribe them? I named one, and said: 'What shall I give you to go away and leave the toad alone?'

'What have you got?'

'I will give you sixpence.'

'No; that won't do.' And another stone was flung.

I knew if I left to get the gardener to help me, the poor toad would be worse used for my interference, so I said: 'I will give you all the money I have if you will come with me. You shall have my money-box just as it is. There is a shilling and threepence-halfpenny. Will you come?'

They hesitated awhile, and then one of them said: 'Let the lass have it, and we'll go and buy toffy and gunpowder.'

When they were gone, I looked down into the pit and saw the creature moving. It was the first time in my life that I had been called to feel pity and sorrow. Many years have passed away, and often since then has my heart been stirred to its inmost depths; but that night I believe God awakened in my bosom that horror of all oppression and cruelty that became a part of my being. Before this I had always felt a strong dislike to creeping things. I was not frightened at them; but had a shrinking objection to come in contact with them. What was I to do? If I asked the servants to help me, I knew they would laugh, and perhaps even kill the toad outright, to put it out of its misery; so I summoned courage, got a short ladder, and went

down to its rescue. It was sorely battered and crushed, and covered with mud; but I took it in my hand, covered it up in my pinafore, and went into a sheltered place to look at it. Having cleansed the mud from the poor creature, my next impulse was to hide it. There was a quiet place near my garden; so I fetched a small box, and gathering some of the grass that had been mown from the lawn, I placed my little sufferer in safety. Not daring to go and visit it before I went to school next morning, for fear of attracting attention, it was late in the afternoon when I saw it again. It was almost dead. I took some bread and milk, and placed it near; but I never knew if it partook of the food I gave it. However, I made a friend of the gardener, who promised to see that no one harmed it; and with his assistance we made it a very comfortable sheltered home, which seemed to revive my rescued one.

There were some very pretty fields near my father's house. It was my custom to go and sit on a stile leading into them, and learn my lessons, or read some favourite book. One bright Saturday afternoon I had gone there, and having by this time overcome all my early scruples regarding 'creeping things,' I took my now companionable toad with me in a covered basket. I sat and talked to it, watching all its movements, and now and then singing to it a low soft song. I saw two gentlemen coming towards me; and rising to let them get over the stile, one of them stopped and said: 'Well, little warbler, what have you in your basket? Is it a pet kitten?'

'No sir,' I said. I felt very awkward, and somewhat ashamed. But as I saw his kind eyes looking down upon me, my heart gained strength, and I lifted the lid off the basket.

'A toad! Where did you get it, and why do you keep it? I thought little girls ran away and screamed when they saw frogs and toads.'

'I bought it,' I replied.

'Bought it, child! Why did you buy it?'

'Because it was so hurt and so helpless! I gave all the money I had to save it from some cruel boys, and now I love it dearly.'

I shall never forget the kind look of George Moggridge, who, under the name of 'Old Humphrey,' has written some charming works on natural history. 'My child,' said he, 'as you go through life, always be the friend of the injured and the helpless. May God bless you!'

He asked my name; and as he knew my father, it was not long before he came to see me. We had many long talks together, and to him I owe more than I can tell. He told me to make animals, birds, and as far as I could all living things, my study. Adding: 'You will never find any two even of the same species alike; all have their separate characters.' This I have found to be true in every respect. Each has its own individuality.

Autumn passed; winter came; and I had a severe illness which kept me from the garden. I was in sore trouble about my little friend; and as the gardener never saw it, we concluded it had disappeared altogether. At length, one evening in spring, while walking in my little garden, I perceived something moving. I looked, and then called very gently: 'Toadie, toadie! Is it you?'

Gradually the something moved from its shelter among the primroses, and came close to me. The

toad! I talked to it until I heard some one coming, when it moved away, for its hearing was evidently as acute as mine. Often I saw it. It would always come if I called, unless, as I supposed, it had strayed away from its usual haunts into the kitchen-garden.

About this time I was absent from home for some time. When I returned, my first inquiry of the gardener was: 'Have you seen my toad?'

Nothing had been seen of it, so I almost despaired of ever seeing my little favourite again. It was my custom to go with my father in the evening to cut asparagus for supper. The place was close to the strawberry beds. I had gathered the asparagus and was returning, when I thought I would pluck some strawberries; and while I was doing so, I saw something moving among the leaves. I pushed them on one side. There was a toad! Could it be mine? I looked, and then gently called: 'Toadie, toadie! Is it you?'

The creature looked—came slowly along. I placed my hand upon the ground. It drew itself upon it, and gazed into my face, with what I could not help thinking was a look of loving gratitude, as I raised it.

I carried it in triumph to shew to my father, who said laughingly: 'But are you sure it is your old friend?'

I had only to point to the cruel scar upon its back. He looked at it and at me in mute astonishment.

Soon after this I went to London, and was absent twelve months. When I returned, my father had left his house and gone to reside in another part of the country. So I never saw my little friend again.

Before passing on to other animals, I should like to refer to the power of music upon them, affecting them so differently. Some rejoice, and are evidently happy when listening to it; while others shew unmistakable dislike to the sound, suffering from nervous distress. A remarkable instance of a toad's enjoyment of music came under my notice some years since. I was on a visit with my husband and one of my daughters to my father, who lived in the south of England. He had a very pretty garden and lawn; and it was his delight in the evening to sit at his drawing-room window while I played on the piano, and sang to him. One evening he said to me: 'My dear, here is a toad under the window. It has been here a long time without moving. I believe it is listening to your singing.'

When I ceased playing, the toad slowly crept away; but every evening when I sang, the creature came, took its place under the window, and there remained. One evening, at my father's request, I suddenly stopped the music, and in a few minutes it went away. We watched it until it reached the path; when commencing another song, it stopped, listened, and then slowly returned to its place under the window. When I left and went home, there was no more music. The toad was never again seen.

Some years previous to my marriage, my father lived in an old Hall in the neighbourhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of

studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come quietly to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener Willy, he would lead him a chase, generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden, when Willy appeared streaming with perspiration.

'What is the matter, Willy?'

'Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow.'

I was very sorry for the old man; but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

'Well, Willy, what can I do? He won't let me catch him, you know.'

'Ay, but Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peanner; cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken to you, for he is always a-doing that; and maybe I can slip behind and catch him.'

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played *Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled*. The halter was soon round his neck; and he went away to be harnessed quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played *Scots, wha ha'e*, he would listen well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as for instance in the *Land o' the Leal*, he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say: 'That is not my sort of music.' Changing to something martial, he would return, and listen to me.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: 'She is the most contrariest beast under the sun.' If she were in one of her ill-humours, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking-time. Nancy be milked with *them*!—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-can and its precious contents. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing, she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—*The Land o' the Leal; Home, Sweet Home; Robin Adair*, any sweet tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening singing to mamma. It was a double room, with folding-doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There sitting on the stand was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window, and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came, and sat upon the stone outside, listening.

My father's poultry-yard was divided into one for the fowls that were kept for domestic use, and into another for those that were laying, together with fancy poultry of all kinds. I was fond of feeding them, and studying their various habits and dispositions. I soon observed both in them and other animals a marked likeness to human beings. One very ludicrous resemblance I found in a large white cock to a fussy old gentleman of our acquaintance who was tall, gaunt, and selfish. The white cock was the same. I never saw him give a bit of food to any of the hens. He ate more than all the others, but he never grew fat. He walked about, taking no notice, that I ever saw, of anything but himself. He was a hateful bird. One day I had been watching him, and the resemblance to old Mr P—— struck me forcibly. I called to the cook, and said: 'Lizzy, who is that white cock like?'

She looked, and then replied: 'Why, old Mr P——.'

'Don't say anything, and I will see if any one else notices the likeness.'

I asked papa and mamma to come into the yard, and see if they recognised a resemblance to any one.

'Old Mr P—— to the life.'

Some time after this, my father told the gardener to kill the white cock. He meant a fine young one that was in the same yard. When the cover was removed at dinner, the bird was trussed as the custom was with its head under the wings—I suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, that is old Mr P——.'

Willy the gardener had killed him by mistake. I need scarcely say no part of its body was eaten at our table; and upon being removed to the kitchen Old Willy chuckled when it was placed before him, saying: 'I dunna care how many cocks and hens our young Miss calls after her friends, as long as I can have them for my dinner. I reckon it is the only thing old P—— was ever good for in his life.'

In the other yard was a game-cock, the most beautiful bird of the kind I ever saw. He had several wives, and it was a curious thing to see the different airs and graces of the ladies in his train. He was an inveterate fighter, if he could escape from the yard, which was surrounded by a high wall. By some means, an accident had happened to his foot, and he became lame. My brother, who was a medical student, advised us to poultice it. Mamma undertaking this, Ralph came every morning to have his foot dressed, and

though evidently suffering very much, allowed her to attend to it. But no improvement came, and the poor proud bird began to droop. One day we heard a loud noise; a famous game-cock had come into the yard when the gate was left open, attacked Ralph, and had beaten him severely. He was sorely injured, though he had defended himself well. Mamma picked him up and carried him away, but next morning he was out in the yard, warming himself in the sun. I was very glad I was there to see what I then saw, or I could not have believed it. Ralph had been beaten! He was no longer to be honoured by his faithless wives. They came first one by one, and then all together, looking with all the contempt they could display. One and another pecked at him; and at last the prettiest, and his favourite, went straight up to him and gave him a severe dab near his eye. But there was one faithful friend among them, an awkward bustling brown hen, with no pretensions to beauty, who flew to his rescue, stood resolutely before the prostrate bird—for he had sunk to the ground, as if heart-broken—and sheltered him with her wings. It was useless to leave him in the poultry-yard, so he and his faithful brown hen were placed in the garden, the tool-house being left open for them through the night. Some weeks passed, and Ralph grew weaker, till one morning we found him dead. A grave was dug, and his faithful wife saw him placed in it. She was taken back to the yard; but she never rallied; and a few days after we saw her lying cold and lifeless on the spot where the friend of her generous heart lay buried.

THE INTOXICATING PROPERTIES OF THE HEMP-PLANT.

It is known to many, though not perhaps a matter of general knowledge, that the hemp-plant supplies Asiatic natives with a cheap intoxicating stimulant. Mohammedans, Hindus, Sikhs, and others whose religion forbids them the use of alcohol, find in this plant a substitute so perfect as to reconcile them to keeping the letter of their law; not caring much in this or any other respect for the spirit thereof.

Hemp has nothing pleasant in its taste, and therein lies at a disadvantage with many forms of alcohol; and when mixed with tobacco and smoked in the hookah, it has an exceedingly unpleasant smell, that clings for some time to buildings.

Its effects are very different from those of alcohol, acting powerfully on certain parts of the constitution when taken in excess, but being less generally injurious, though in extreme cases it produces temporary madness. It may also be taken in decoction, or in a solid form is put into sweetmeats. In ordinary doses it is merely a gentle and pleasant stimulant, and excites none of the brutal coarseness produced by alcoholic excess, though quarrelling sometimes results from over-indulgence.

Probably there is nothing so powerful as hemp for annihilating fear. It is very generally taken by the sepoy of India before entering into action, and

Mohammedan fanatics brave death under its influence. This latter excitement has been common in Afghanistan lately. Afghans believing that paradise awaits them if killed while fighting the Infidel, have deliberately intoxicated themselves with this drug and rushed into our camps—to which the country-people were allowed entrance for the purpose of selling provisions—cutting down all who came in their way till they were themselves killed, or taken alive to be tried by drumhead court-martial. In our petty wars with the hill-tribes in that region determined rushes have often been made on us by small bodies of men similarly deadened to fear by the free use of hemp!

Sometimes the effect of the drug is very curious. The writer saw a trooper of a Bengal Lancer regiment one morning on the line of march, while the horses were at the walk, suddenly wheel his horse round, and bringing his lance to the charge, gallop down the ranks from his place near the head of the regiment, scattering the men right and left, who, however, all managed to get out of his way, as he made no determined aim at any one. He continued his career down the road, till he was chased and caught. He was quite mad for the time being; and on arrival in camp, not knowing what to do with him, they tied his arms and legs, and then fastened him by a rope to a tent-peg firmly driven into the ground. He then fancied himself a horse, and commenced grazing, which they allowed him to do, as it kept him quiet. By evening he was all right again.

Not far from Cawnpore there was a large tank where two or three other men and I used to fish. One evening while so engaged, a native from a village close by came quietly behind one of our party who was intently watching his float beginning to bob, and deliberately hurled a great brick-bat at him, which luckily only grazed his head without doing any damage. The ruffian was soon in the hands of the village policeman, who put him in the stocks, and then informed us that the wretch was under the influence of hemp, which a certain set in that village were particularly addicted to, and for whose benefit the stocks had been introduced.

A young English officer at Delhi once thought he should like to try the effects of hemp on himself, but unfortunately took more than he intended; and bareheaded, on a scorching day in May, he sped down the road, armed with a large knife, and attacked a poor bullock, which was the first thing he met. Luckily, a guard of the Rifle Brigade was at hand, so he was quickly disarmed, taken home, and put in charge of the doctor, who shaved his head and applied ice, which brought him round. At the native Indian nautch or dance performed by professional dancing-women, hemp is often handed round in sweetmeats to the guests, to add to the dreamy mesmeric effect which it is the object and intention of the rhythmic motion of hands and feet of the dancers with their monotonous song, to produce. This intention of the dance is generally unknown to Europeans in India, who do not therefore lend themselves to the effect, and find the affair extremely wearisome and slow; while to those who understand it, it is not at times unpleasant, though of an enervating tendency if frequently indulged in.

EFFECT OF COLD ON THE NATIVES OF THE TROPICS.

A striking commentary on the effect of cold upon natives of the tropics is to be found in *My Chief and I*, a book just published by Chapman and Hall. Colonel Durnford, colonial engineer, was on the Drakenberg with a party of Basutos, and a number of prisoners of the Putini tribe, who were employed in stopping the passes into Natal. A snow-storm with a bitter wind came on, and at once the natives collapsed. The Putini men felt it most. Nothing could induce them to stir. They lit no fires, cooked no food. It was impossible to do anything with them even for their own comfort. At last, finding that even when the order was given to march down into the warm valley, they did not move, the Colonel had the tents pulled down over their heads. Still they lay helpless, crying: 'Let us die, 'Nikos; only let us die.' The white men of the party were ordered to force them out, and they were found perfectly paralysed. There was no sham about it; 'their brown skins were white with cold.' It was with the greatest difficulty they were got down the mountain to the valley, where there were plenty of old bushmen's caves for them to shelter in.

Natives of the Hindustan plains are even less able to endure sudden cold than Africans are. The present writer has known cases of coolies, the honestest and most faithful messengers in the world, actually dying in the Ghauts through being caught in a piercing wind such as they, Madrassees born and bred in the low lands, had never before experienced. While, therefore, hasty reasoners were hard in the case of the *El Dorado* lascars, better informed people felt that the real fault lay with those who put the poor fellows into a position for which they were by nature wholly unfitted. Let any one who has a garden try to gather a few turnips or cabbage leaves when they are covered with frozen snow, and he will be able to form some notion of what it must be for those who were nurtured in latitude fifteen degrees, to be for hours handling frozen ropes.

TOO SOON.

SHE came, how sweet and fair she came

To our rude earth, and stayed awhile,

A tender spirit, free from blame,

And lit with an angelic smile.

Ah me! that smiles so sweet should fade

From lips that in the grave are laid.

She was so young, the light intense

That seemed to guard her from her birth,

Spoke but of stainless innocence,

And purity too great for earth.

Ah me! that light so pure should fade

From eyes that in the grave are laid.

And then she left us, as a bark

White-winged sinks dimly from our sight,

Or as some sweet song-burdened lark

Soars upward to the realms of light.

Ah me! that youth and hope should fade

When beauty in the grave is laid.

R. C. LEHMANN.

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